Chilli and the POT OF HONEY

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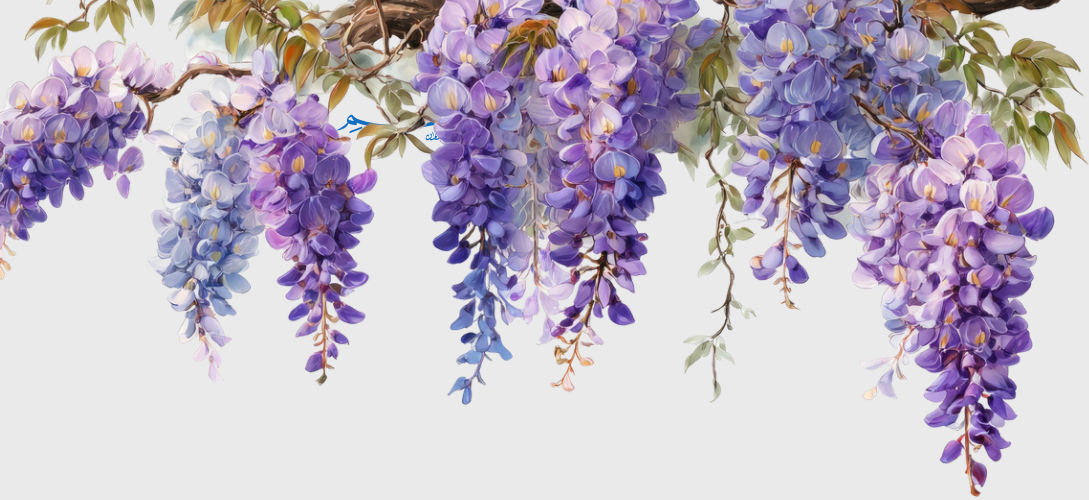

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CHILLI WAS A CHEERFUL MAN WITH A KIND HEART. HE DID NOT HAVE MUCH MONEY— ONLY A FEW SILVER COINS IN HIS POCKET —BUT HE WANTED TO EARN HIS MONEY HONESTLY.

ONE BRIGHT MORNING HE SAID, "I WILL START A SMALL BUSINESS. IN SHĀ' ALLĀH, ALLAH WILL PUT BARAKAH IN MY WORK."

He walked toward the town market. On the way, he passed through a quiet forest where the air smelled like flowers. He made sure to stop and enjoy the beautiful flowers on his way.

High in the trees, a beekeeper named Hassan was carefully collecting sweet, golden honey.

Chilli looked up and called, “Assalāmu ‘alaykum! Hassan. Hope you and your bees are having a great day”

Hassan smiled down. “Wa ‘alaykum as-salām. Yes, indeed. A great day for us, alhamdolillah”.

Chilli looked curiously towards the honey pots laying around. “What will you do with all that honey?”, he asked.

Hassan replied: “I’m taking it to the market to sell.”

Chilli thought for a moment. “If you sell one pot to me, you won’t have to carry it all the way to town by yourself.”

Hassan agreed to sell.

Chilli used every coin he had to buy one large clay pot filled to the top with honey.

It was heavy, but Chilli balanced it on his head and held it with both hands as he walked.

He wanted to make sure that he carefully takes it to the market. At first he watched his steps very carefully.

THEN HIS IMAGINATION BEGAN TO BUZZ LIKE THE BEES.

"I'LL SELL THIS HONEY FOR A GOOD PROFIT," HE THOUGHT.

"THEN FROM THAT PROFIT, I'LL BUY TWO CHICKENS." HE SMILED THINKING ABOUT THIS INCREASE.

"THE CHICKENS WILL LAY EGGS. THE EGGS WILL HATCH INTO FLUFFY CHICKS. SOON I WILL HAVE MANY CHICKENS!"

His smile grew bigger as he walked.

"Then I'll sell the chickens and buy some goats.
The goats will have baby goats.

Then I'll sell the goats and buy some cows. I'll sell fresh milk every day.

With that money, I'll buy even more cows!"

Chilli's eyes sparkled with excitement.

"And one day, if Allah wills, I'll build a beautiful house with a lovely garden.

My garden will be full of colourful flowers. Every day, I'll sit among the flowers and enjoy their sweet smell."

THE HOUSE WOULD BE SO LONELY WITHOUT A FAMILY. I WILL MARRY A PIOUS LADY TO BE MY LIFE PARTNER.

WE WOULD LOVE EACH OTHER. I WILL TAKE CARE OF HER. IN SHA ALLAH, ALLAH WOULD GIVE US CHILDREN. I WILL NAME MY SON AS YUSUF.

When I would come home after work, Yusuf would come running towards me to hug me.

I would smile seeing my wife and him at home.

My wife would ask Yusuf to let me rest a little. “Wait, let your father put his things down first.”

But I would say, “No, let me hug him and play with him”. I would open my arms to embrace him”.

As he opened up his arms, he heard a loud noise. "Crash!!!". The honey pot was not on his head any more. And this brought Chilli back from his imaginative journey. Honey splashed everywhere, sticky and shining in the dust.

Chilli stood very still. Then he sighed. "Oh dear... There go my chickens, my goats, my cows, and my house."

THE NEXT DAY, CHILLI WENT TO SEE A WISE SHAYKH. THE SHAYKH SAID, "IT IS GOOD TO USE YOUR IMAGINATION. BUT WHEN YOU ARE DOING A JOB, YOU MUST PAY ATTENTION AND DO YOUR BEST."

THE SHAYKH SMILED AND SAID, "MAYBE ALLAH SWT LET THIS HAPPEN TO TEACH YOU AN IMPORTANT LESSON THAT YOU WILL REMEMBER FOREVER."

THEN THE SHAYKH REACHED INTO HIS POCKET AND SAID, "I HAVE A GIFT FOR YOU, CHILLI."

THE SHAYKH TOOK OUT A BAG OF MONEY FROM HIS POCKET. HE SAID, "A KIND PERSON GAVE ME THIS MONEY TO GIVE TO SOMEONE WHO WOULD USE IT WISELY." CHILLI THANKED THE SHAYKH, AND TOOK THE MONEY.

THIS TIME, CHILLI WORKED VERY HARD. ALLAH SWT BLESSED HIS WORK WITH LOTS OF BARAKAH, JUST AS CHILLI HAD PRAYED FOR WHEN HE LEFT HOME WITH ONLY A FEW COINS.

EVERY DAY, CHILLI THANKED ALLAH SWT FOR TEACHING HIM SUCH AN IMPORTANT LESSON AND FOR ALL THE BLESSINGS HE HAD GIVEN HIM.

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